Hickman
Reis

NEW MUTANTS

Vol. 1

[kra_]
[koa_]

[dawn_of_x]

© 2020 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

NEW MUTANTS

Vol. 1

Writer:	**Jonathan Hickman** **with Ed Brisson** (#1)
Artist:	**Rod Reis**
Letterer:	**VC's Travis Lanham**
Cover Art:	**Rod Reis**

Head of X:	**Jonathan Hickman**
Design:	**Tom Muller**
Assistant Editor:	**Annalise Bissa**
Editor:	**Jordan D. White**

Collection Editor:	**Jennifer Grünwald**
Assistant Managing Editor:	**Maia Loy**
Assistant Managing Editor:	**Lisa Montalbano**
Associate Managing Editor:	**Kateri Woody**
Editor, Special Projects:	**Mark D. Beazley**
Digital Manager/Production:	**Tim Smith 3**
Digital Production:	**Kou Chen &** **Rachel Young**
VP Production & Special Projects:	**Jeff Youngquist**
SVP Print, Sales & Marketing:	**David Gabriel**
Editor in Chief:	**C.B. Cebulski**

Krakoa.

KRAK

This is the world, Rahne Sinclair.

And you have *returned* to it.

Welcome back, little sister.

You have been born again--a ***mutant*** in all your glory: ***Krakoan.***

Everything that brought you here-- *all the things that made you a prisoner of past sins--* they are gone. For ***good*** and ***forever.***

So let the past go...and *live.*

What are you grinning at?

Ah, Shan, just look at this place. It's like I died and went to Heaven.

Well, not to put too fine a point on it, kiddo, *but you kind of did.*

I'm sure some people would say take the gift for what it is. But truly heavy stuff has a way of ***sticking around.***

Experiences like that lend themselves to broader questions of self, faith and fate--*things that are tough to ignore.*

We can talk about it if you want.

Know what? *Ah* don't think I need to.

Ah'm good.

Ah *really* am.

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[0.1]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]

NOT THAT NEW.

They're young, sure, but they've been around the block a few times.

Then came Krakoa--and since the whole world turned upside down, everything looks different for the NEW MUTANTS.

Karma

Wolfsbane

Mondo

Cypher

Mirage

Sunspot

Chamber

Magik

[kra_[0.1]...]
[koa_[0.1]...]

[And..beyond.]

The Sextant

Talk to me, big guy...

Anything?

Tell me again what I'm looking for?

Krakoa's sentient. So I was thinking that--*because of the way your powers work*--when you absorb part of the island you might be able to feel it, sense it...

Or maybe communicate in some other way. I dunno, Mondo...***something.***

Doug, I am a seriously zen person--*sensitive in all the ways that matter...*

But it's just me in here. I got ***nothin'.***

So are we done?

One last thing.

You give it a try.

Hrrnnnn.

‹Hello, DouglasAaron Ramsey.›

Well... I'm never gonna sleep again.

‹That would be unfortunate. You need your sleep, DouglasAaron Ramsey.›

Yeah. Sure. *That's true.* Thanks.

So how's this work? Are you, like, remote piloting his body or just influencing his motor functions? Is he in there with you?

‹Not in the way you mean.›
Uh...
Hello?

Should we try to figure this out?
‹No, DouglasAaron Ramsey. This is a bad thing. I don't like it very much and now it's over.›
All right.
Sorry.

Hrrnnnn.
Why-- what...

What the hell was that?

Honestly? Some creepy stuff.
It was not pretty.

Doug.
Yeah?
If you ask me to do that again, I'm probably going to punch you in the face.
So. Many. Times.

Okay. Understood.
Sounds fair.

The Akademos Habitat. The Sextant.

Just look at this place...

You gotta admit this turned out better than we ever thought it would.

Yes, it did...

Especially considering how we got here. First there were ancient mutants like Apocalypse.

Scary dude. Don't care for him.

And then came those like Xavier and Magneto--*elders of a more modern time*--and after that came the first wide-scale emergence of mutants.

The X-Men.

And then after that the mutant population exploded. Both exponentially and globally.

Resulting in...more X-Men. Which is weird, right? You would think there would have been a brand change there or something. Maybe Xavier couldn't afford a marketing budget.

I *doubt* that.

Eh, maybe. Regardless, those guys aren't worth what they charge anyway.

So, finally, after that, there were enough of us that we could begin to build a real community.

Which is where we came in. And the ***schools.***

Which is also where it failed...

As human ideologies and institutions were never built for something better.

I don't know if anyone has told you this today or not, Dani, but you are an amazing woman and you ***deserved better.***

Likewise, Roberto. ***And*** You are *all* man.

Nonsense.

I'm all *mutant*, lady--you can't stick this in a people farm and expect to get an accountant out the other side.

Heh.

So here we are in the sixth generation of *Homo superior*. Trying something new...

A mutant sextant.

Right...

But let's call it what it is. ***Home.***

Oh my god, that smell...

Is it...?

Yes. *It is.*

Synch and Monet talked that new kid, Fauna, into seeing precisely what would grow in these fertile soils of our new land...

...and it turns out that little green-thumbed genius has produced a coffee bean that--*they swear*--is one part innocence and one part sincerity.

Well, *I can't drink it*, but damn do I love the smell.

Chamber brought us some. Because he's both ***generous*** and a ***gentleman.***

Sounds awesome.

Pour us a cup, Illyana.

This is mine.

And it's... *empty.*

Oh, come on. Just give me a--

Don't make me cut you.

Easy, tiger. I made a second pot.

What smells so good?

Things worth killing for.

For you.

Thanks.

And look. The gang's all here.

Oh, nice. Thank you.

Mondo?

Is that the stuff that new green kid grew?

Yes.

I'll pass. I saw how that was made.

With sincerity?

With innocence?

Not what I would call it. Not how it smelled.

Heh. This is *fun.*

It *is.* It's almost perfect.

Now you're going to tell me what would make it perfect is if Sam was here with us, right?

He should see this. He'd love it more than anyone.

Yeah. Problem is he's several hundred thousand light-years away, Bobby. With his *family.* In *Shi'ar space.*

That's true...

Hey, Dani.

Yeah?

Wanna go for a ride?

The *Starjammer.*

So my son said you kids needed a lift...

Well, I don't have to tell you that we and the Shi'ar have a... *complicated history,* and I'm likely putting my crew in danger by entering Shi'ar space.

Okay, but Cyclops said that after your visit to Earth that's exactly where you were headed.

Of course we are. We're ***pirates,*** son. We laugh at danger. *Ain't that right, baby?*

Absolutely. The smile on my face, can't you see it?

So here's the deal--we'll get you to Shi'ar space as promised, but if you wanna make it to their homeworld, then getting the rest of the way to Chandilar is on you.

Is that gonna be a problem?

I got a ***big smile*** and a ***pocket full of money.***

Close'll be close enough.

So we're close, right?

It's gotta be somewhere near here.

You would think that we'd remember where we ended up after stepping through one gateway in our solar system and walking out another one a few light-years away onto the *Starjammer*, but nope...

Not so much.

I think this ship is bigger on the inside than the outside.

I think it's just big.

Whatever. I think this *might* be the one.

Door. Open.

Door. Open.

It's got a hand thing.

I'm gonna play in the dirt.

Yeah. This is better. It's good to get that island off me.

It was *itchy*-- which ain't *normal.*

Yeah, I think there's more going on than I first thought.

It's weird. On the island, I couldn't tell because Krakoa is everywhere and everything...

But here in space, there's just the slightest pull between this existing gateway and this gateway flower.

It's almost as if...

They're talking to each other.

Huh?

This is a closed biome--carefully regulated. It has to be.

So when I started getting alerts that the helium, nitrogen and hydrogen mixtures were elevated, I came down here to see what was wrong with the equipment.

But it wasn't the equipment-- it's some kind of reaction caused by their proximity. They want to ***terraform.***

Well, we should be off the ship soon, right?

Look here. Do you see these dead pomum? They're a delicacy from my home planet that only ripen once a decade. It took me years to get this environment *just right* so they would grow here, and this was going to be the first time they were ready for harvest...

Now they are dying.

...

I'm sorry.

Yeah, that... *sucks.*

Either that plant goes back through the gateway--*out the air lock*--or *you do!*

Wait. I have an idea.

Open up.

But if we ditch the plant, we won't be able to get home from the Shi'ar throne world.

Did that do it?

Yes. I'm not picking up anything now...

Which is ***good***, but that doesn't make me ***happy.***

Several days later.

CLANK!

Stand down, demon-woman.

Demon-woman?

You spit those words as though they're an insult.

CLANK!

They aren't.

THWAK!

I'll have you spitting teeth soon enough, child.

Not too late to back out of our bet, Corsair.

I bet it's hard to find Kentucky bourbon in space.

Sure. The good stuff is pretty much ***irreplaceable*** out here, but I'm ***not losing*** the bet.

Beating Magik won't be a problem.

I've seen Raza best ten men with nothing more than morning breath and an old spoon.

Morning breath *is* the worst.

Watch. He's just putting on a show.

Hepzibah, please tell me that this isn't how you normally pass the time.

Long and eventless, space travel is. ***This is not.***

'Tis ***nae*** different from our old danger room exercises.

I don't recall ever layin' down bets on one 'a us dyin' in the room.

What's life without living, little boy? Try it, you should.

Guys, please...some of us want to watch.

CRACK

CRASH!!

ARRGGGH!

...

You cut off my arm.

Oh, don't be a baby. It's just a robot arm.

This is my real, actual nose.

Now say you're sorry.

You were right, Corsair. It was *quite a show...*

A show sponsored by ***Kentucky bourbon.***

Hey! You know what is good for morning breath?

Roberto...

Bourbon.

Benevolence.

One day later. On the edge of Shi'ar space.

I gotta tell you...

...this does *not* look like a nice place.

If you ever wondered what the ass end of a space empire looks like, *well*, here's your answer.

Fortunately, we're just making a little pit stop.

Well, I do have money to spend and the number of a very reputable space lawyer. So, yeah, let's *do* this.

About that...

Get your group together. I need to lay down some ground rules.

This is no place for kids... and we Starjammers have a bit of a reputation.

[0.01_STAR]
[0.08 JAM]

WANTED

[file].....[234.76108]

STARJAMMERS

KNOWN MEMBERS AT LARGE — **BOUNTY**

CORSAIR.....2,500,000 SC
RAZA.....1,750,000 SC
CH'OD.....1,000,000 SC
HEPZIBAH.....1,000,000 SC
SIKORSKY.....500,000 SC
CR'REEE.....500 SC

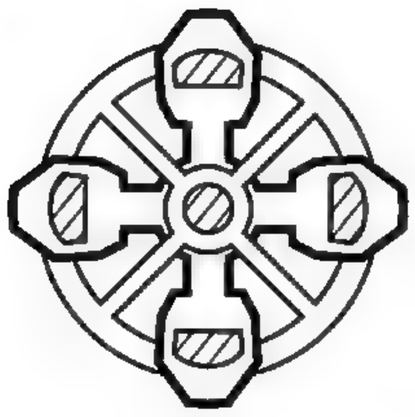
FOR THE CRIMES OF:

Assault [4th Degree], Assault [2nd Degree], Theft [Minor], Theft [Major], Theft [Galactic], Impersonating an Imperial Agent, Impersonating an Imperial Envoy, Illegal Seizure, Illegal Boarding, Trespassing, Spitting, Violation of Prohibition Laws, Lewd Behavior, Mayhem, Murder [2nd Degree], Murder [1st Degree], Scratching, Assault [Pheromonal].

[FIGHT_____00.00]
[DRINK_____00.01]

[Bene ... [_nm]_01]
[volence.. [nm] 07]

BENEVOLENCE



Originally designed as a transit station, Benevolence was recently converted into a temporary repository for exotic material considered too dangerous for inner system storage.

Long-term plans for conversion of Benevolence to a populated habitat remain on hold until a shift in Brood spawning grounds occurs. Current Imperial xenobiologists believe this long-predicted shift appears increasingly unlikely due to the recent collapse of several stars within the breeding territory, altering normal migration patterns.

Due to operational shortages, the station is currently manned by only a single light brigade. Multisystem troop reassignments have been made in response to increased Skrull activity in other sectors.

Automated docking and refueling nodes are available for all vessels with proper Imperial identification codes.

[Fabricating Imperial identification codes is a crime punishable by compounded fines and possible imprisonment.]

KING EGG

Beware the King Egg! Always handle with extreme caution! Under no circumstances should a King Egg be removed from its containment shield. Interstellar pheromone production can result in unexpected swarm activity. Never introduce a King Egg into an alien biome. Such activity can trigger Superguardian protocols.

[KING].....[EGG]
[XMN ... ... [8 9]

Okay. Listen close. I don't want to repeat myself.

Me and the rest of the crew have some business here.

What sort of business?

Pirate business.

And while we're conducting our business, everyone is to stay aboard this ship.

I danae want to.

We've been on the ship for ***days***. I want to stretch me legs.

Rahne's right. I'm gettin' cabin fever. If you lot are going out and about, then it's only right we get to poke around a little as well.

There is ***nothing*** for you outside of this ship.

What's the worst thing you can imagine?

Judgy fundamentalists.

People with four arms.

Well... do I have bad news for you.

This spaceport is ***now*** owned by the Nuwabi'ka, a real nasty group run by the grand priest Kaliwaki. Dude makes the pope look like a pentagram-worshipping heathen. And he has four arms.

They took the place over, force-converted who they could and put the others in prison with the rest of the sinners.

The Nuwabi'ka ***hate*** sinners.

And their list of ***unforgivable sins*** is about as long as my criminal record. You pretty much can't sneeze without offending them.

You commit just ***one*** sin, and, like I said, it's nearly impossible not to, you go to prison. You go to prison, you get tortured...needles under your fingernails, hot spikes up your unmentionables and on and on.

I've ***seen*** their torture chambers. It's ***very*** unpleasant.

If they're so bad, why do you do business with them?

We don't. We do business under their nose.

We're here to pick up a shipment that the ***powers that be*** don't know about.

And the way I'm going to keep it that way is making sure ***nobody*** leaves this ship. Sit tight until we ***get back.***

All right, the rules suck, but you heard them. *Nobody leaves the--*

Are you ***kidding*** me?

Innocent people are being tortured and killed and we're not going to do anything about it?

Look, I don't like it either, but we're not here to destroy an ideology or free a planet...we're here to get Sam and bring him home.

Do I wish things were different? ***Of course I do.*** I'm an amazing hero and that's why people love me. But we're out of here as soon as they get back, so... no time for revolution today.

But you know what? I recently came into possession of some pretty decent bourbon. Maybe we should do that. ***Take the edge off.***

Yeah. *Good idea.* Why don't you go get it?

Cool. *Be right back with the good stuff.*

Magik...

...can you follow the Starjammers?

I sneaked a peek at the city map when they were planning their heist. I can do better than following them--*I know where they're going.*

All right. Let's go free some prisoners and beat up some four-armed preachers.

Five minutes later.

Okay, got it. Who wants...

I should have seen that coming.

...Huh...

Not quite what I was expecting.

Careful-- we don't know what that is.

Sure ain't a four-armed preacher.

It is pretty, though.

Put that down!

Huh?

Step away from the containment unit. *Slowly.*

You should listen, children.

You messing with things beyond your mortal ken.

Hey, look, it's a one-armed preacher.

Exactly what is going on here, Corsair?

This place is not what you told us it was.

You mean where are the fringe cultists and all the subjugated people?

The Shi'ar Empire has existed for hundreds of thousands of years.

It's an intergalactic monoculture that allows only one imperial religion. There are no *cults.* There are no *religious uprisings.*

If you want to believe in god in Shi'ar space, it's Sharra and K'ythri or bust.

This? This is a containment facility for exotic matter, you idiots.

And we're pirates. Why else would we be here except to steal stuff?

Now let's go.

You know what makes this even worse, *don't you?*

Yeah. Bobby was right.

Let's not tell him when we get back to the ship. And let's lock these losers out bef--

AIIIEEEEE!

She's breathing but *out cold.*

Take cover. Get behind the generator.

ARG-UFFF!

We're from them cut off! *What do we do?*

We don't have time to get caught. We're expected on Pshor Prime in days. *They wanted to save someone...*

...let 'em save themselves.

We're trapped.

Shan, can you...

I'm trying, but those helmets they're wearing must be shielded. I'm not getting through to any of them.

Well, I guess we're all out of subtle solutions. Jono?

Yeah... got it.

Time for a not-so-subtle solution.

Move it! Get everything locked down. We're leaving in five.

That was quick.

Where's everyone else?

Bad news, kid. Your teammates are in it deep with some Shi'ar shock troops and I don't see much hope for anything other than a bad ending.

Okay. So we have to rescue them.

No. We have to haul ass...

We got a deal to close with a very serious buyer.

We can't just leave them.

One, there's no "we"...

And two, yes, we can leave them... and we are.

Why would you *do that?* What have any of us done to ***deserve it?***

You people ruined my plants.

The angry girl cut off my arm.

Like children...I *do not.*

And you stole my whiskey.

Actually, you lost that ***fair*** and ***square.***

And now you've ***lost a ride.***

I said I'd get you to Shi'ar space.

Well, son... welcome to *the Empire.*

"Now, get off my ship."

...sigh.

Is this where I save the day?

It feels like it. *Doesn't it?*

Okay, okay... You got us.

We surrender.

This is a *disaster.* We never should have left the ship.

Nah, it'll be fine. Don't worry about it.

Remember. I have the number of a really good space lawyer.

HAVE LEGAL TROUBLE?

[file].....[221.99221]

Have you recently been incarcerated, accused of a crime you didn't commit or detained against your will? Then call us today for a free consultation and immediate representation.

We are a law firm with centuries of practice in navigating the complexities of the Shi'ar Imperial justice system and have extensive experience operating in both inner and outer Imperial systems.

So don't suffer undue hardships or be an unwitting victim of poor representation.

JUSTICE IS BLIND AND SO ARE WE!

SPACE LAWYER

CALL US TODAY AT: Z-002.097B

REGIONAL OFFICES AT:

CHANDILAR.....Z-002.097B
AERIE.....Z-032.001C
MAUL.....Z-001.211B
TIMOR.....Z-017.220A
M'KRAAN.....Z-005.910B
CHR'YLLALISA.....C-009.094B

[UNDER_____00.00]
[ARREST_____00.01]

HI?

[NM02]

Chapter 02

Space Jail

2

Okay, so, where to start?

First off, I'm a pretty persuasive guy--***people love me***--but even I had to lay it on pretty thick to convince my friends to leave paradise and head into outer space to rescue my best friend from the clutches of a space empire, a space wife from Iowa...and his inevitable--and regrettable--dad bod from being a space dad.

Everyone finally agreed to go after I promised them they could use my third-best house in Rio during Carnival. *(Sure, they think it's my second-best house because I've got a secret pad I never told anyone I bought, and let me tell you, I'm not going to--it's a Niemeyer.)* But anyway... ***they were in.***

Before I left, because I've learned this lesson the hard way--*uh, twice*--I went to see my Earth lawyers to make sure all things ***X-Corp*** would be in good hands if this takes longer than I think it will.

They're really good Earth lawyers, and I know this because they cost *a lot.* I was in a hurry, so I just signed whatever they put in front of me, but I got it done. Because I'm ***responsible.*** Because I'm a ***businessman.***

We hitched a ride with some space pirates.

They have a cool ship and, frankly, are pretty cool-looking themselves, but if I was put to the question--*if I was being honest*--I don't think they're very good at ***actual pirating.***

I mean, Rahne stole the thing they were after and left them holding the box it came in, and I stole all their liquor.

And, *yes,* while they did leave us in a pretty tough spot, if we were keeping score it's still the New Mutants two, space pirates one.

So, take that, Starjammers.

After that, we ended up getting arrested, which normally wouldn't be that big of a deal--*because my Earth lawyers know some pretty decent space lawyers*--but while we were waiting to get bailed out, they made us wear these terrible prison outfits.

They were made out of, like, the worst cotton ever--*like twenty thread count or something*--which was infuriating because I have sensitive skin.

No one likes being in jail, and no one likes being itchy.

But everyone was. At first, a few of the guys were worried about how dangerous space prison might be, but Illyana just kept summoning her giant sword every time a fight broke out and then--*if guards tried to take it from her*--she made it disappear.

They did keep locking her up in solitary confinement, *but you know,* that doesn't really work with a teleporter.

Eventually, my space lawyer got us an expedited court date, but I wasn't happy because he said it was a week away.

He explained to me that space was big and it took time for everything to line up with travel and whatnot.

I said to him, *"Yeah, space is big, but I'm big--so you better haul ass to space court because I need some satisfaction. My friends have stopped talking to me."*

Now it's three days later and here we are in space court, and I'll tell you one thing that's as true as any true thing I've ever said: If my space lawyer doesn't get us outta here, we're breaking out.

My name is Roberto Da Costa. I'm the mutant super hero called Sunspot. *I'm out of order, you're out of order, the entire universe is out of order.*

Wow. Look at my chin. Good lord, I'm handsome.

In the good and holy names of Sharra and K'ythri I, a ***Space Judge*** of the ***Chandar Order,*** submit that I have received the testimony of all the defendants...

I have eaten these words--*consumed them whole*--and found the truth within. Counselor, are your ***clients*** ready for ***my decision?***

We are, Your Honor, but we would like to stress the alien nature and extra-cultural background of the accused.

Are we in ***Shi'ar space?***

Yes.

Do we acknowledge the existence of any space that is not now--*or will not shortly be*--Shi'ar Space?

No, judge.

Then what exactly is it you want to stress, counselor?

Nothing, judge.

Okay, then.

My ruling is this: ***guilty.***

What?

Nae!

Ahem.

Somebody is ***not*** getting paid.

This charge of guilty carries with it a ***lifetime sentence.***

You are hereby remanded into the long-term custody of the empire. Please follow the guards to the transfer portal.

They're right back there.

What's up, felons?

Don't try to escape... you're our prisoners.

Sam!

Hey, guys.

Good to see everyone's behaving and generally staying out of trouble.

Well, you know, give us an inch...and we'll take your ass to jail.

Speaking of, exactly how does something like that happen?

Starjammers.

Right. Say no more.

Those guys are the worst.

The. ***Worst.***

Hey, how'd you know to come get us?

Funny story...

A few years ago while everyone was sleeping, I snuck into each of your rooms and embedded a tracking device under your skin.

It's behind your ***right ear.*** Except you, Xi'an. Yours is on your ***left.***

Oh my god, I think I can ***feel it*** in there.

I'm kidding...

Berto's space lawyer called.

Woke the baby.

Wait. So are we--or are we not--your prisoners?

Oh, absolutely. We own you, convict.

But don't worry about it too much--we'll hopefully get that taken care of on the way back to Chandilar.

So...you guys ready to get out of here?

God, yes.

How about you, grumpy? You coming along... or are you just going to stand there looking sour?

...

I'm coming.

I guess.

What's your problem, Bobby?

Him.

What's wrong with me?

Nothing. That's the *problem.*

I mean, *look at you.*

It's been months since we've seen each other, and I was expecting you to be a mess.

Depressed, out of shape, bad hair...worse complexion.

But look at you. Happy, healthy, exceptionally fit... ***how does that happen?***

Oh, you know...

Eating right, living right...

You, on the other hand...

Space pirates and prison food? And what's that you're wearing? A jumper?

It *is* itchy.

But this place isn't that bad.

Unbelievable.

Anyone want to snap him out of this?

Allow me, dear.

WHACK!

Whu... whu...

Dude, you got blood on your jumper. That's hard to get out.

What was that for?

Did you know there's a rogue division of Skrull shocktroops laying siege to a Shi'ar outpost two sectors away?

A bunch of the Imperial Guard are there having the time of their lives--*beating up Skrulls*--and ***I have to be here*** because Sam technically isn't allowed to take you into custody.

To say nothing of the fact that we left the kid at home with someone who is not our regular babysitter to come ***babysit you.***

So maybe get up off your pampered rear end, give your best friend a proper hello and let's go home.

Okay?

Does my nose look broken?

Tough to say, Bobby. I believe this kind of thing has happened before.

Did you bring my spare outfit?

Of course I did. How could you think I would not?

...

Missed you.

Let's get out of here.

You know I was going to punch him, right?

The line starts at the back, lady.

Take a number.

SHI'AR IMPERIAL COURT
STAR SECTOR FOUR
CRIMINAL PROCESSING STATION

SHI'AR SPACE EMPIRE

Plaintiff,

vs.

DA COSTA, ROBERTO
MANH, XI'AN COY
MOONSTAR, DANIELLE
MONDO
RAMSEY, DOUGLAS AARON
RASPUTINA, ILLYANA NIKOLIEVNA
SINCLAIR, RAHNE
STARSMORE, JONOTHON EVAN

Defendant.

Court No. 6791-SEW_B

ORDER

—

According to a prearranged agreement with the Imperial High Council, the above Defendants have been remanded into the custody of an Imperial Guardsman to serve out the duration of their sentence. The court strongly recommends that their entire sentence is served, as, while in custody, the Defendants constantly displayed aggressive behavior and a severe disrespect of authority, and one of them tried to coerce or outright bribe every single Imperial officer he encountered.

The court further orders that the Defendants' space lawyer be sanctioned for incompetence. He was, literally, the worst space lawyer money can buy.

Shi'ar space.

Approaching the Stargate, Superguardian.
We're receiving a coded message from the throneworld--it's using the *Majestor's encryption code.*
Play it. Let's see what the boss has to say.

Superguardian Smasher.

The misfortune of you not being among your fellow guardsmen seems to have found favor in Sharra's and K'ythri's eyes...

...for you find yourself exactly where your empire needs you. *Where I need you.*

Encoded in this transmission are your orders--***execute them immediately and with vigor.***

Do not *falter.* Do not *fail.*

For the ***Empire.***

Decode the orders, please.

BE-DOOP

Lux Gloriana.

What an honor, Superguardian.

Yeah...

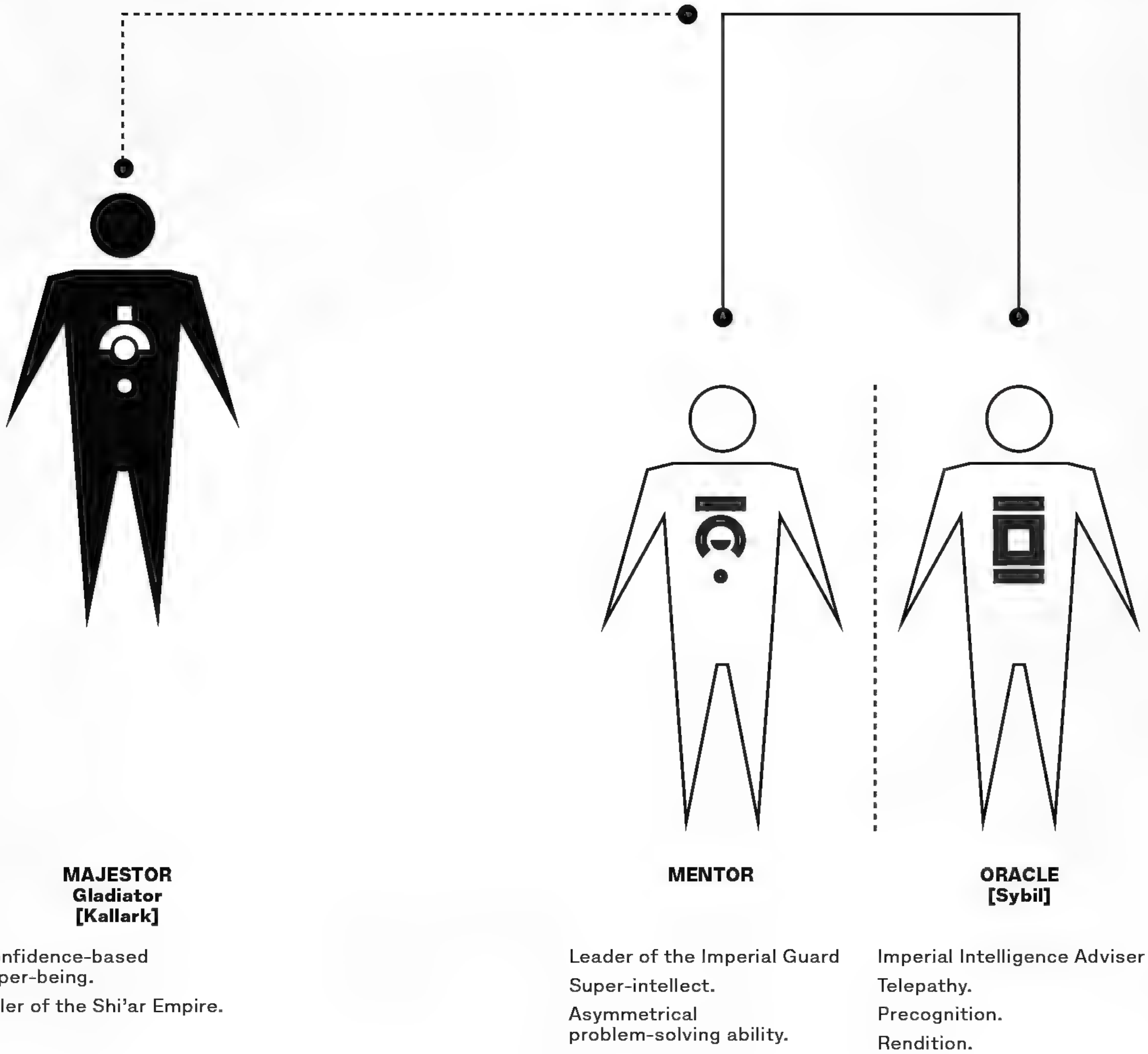
Send a return message to Chandilar.

Tell the babysitter we're going to be running late.

[SHI'AR .....[RULER]_00]
[.....[Mjest]_00]

SHI'AR IMPERIAL ADVISERS

[___].....[0....0]
[___].....[0....5]



MAJESTOR
Gladiator
[Kallark]

Confidence-based super-being.

Ruler of the Shi'ar Empire.

MENTOR

Leader of the Imperial Guard

Super-intellect.

Asymmetrical problem-solving ability.

Master tactician.

ORACLE
[Sybil]

Imperial Intelligence Adviser

Telepathy.

Precognition.

Rendition.

Interrogation.

Gladiator chose Mentor and Oracle as his personal advisers not just to consolidate power between the military and intelligence arms of the Shi'ar Empire--he also chose them because they represent the dueling ideological factions that constantly pull at the Empire: expansion and consolidation.

[SHI'AR .....[Mentor]_02_A]
[.....[Oracle]_02_B]

I'm gonna *raise.*

A few of these red credits and a green... and oh, why not, here's a blue.

Feeling strong, are you?

Born strong, *but if you think otherwise...*

...maybe do something about it.

The only thing I respect less than a *big talker* is a *coward,* and, *well...* I fight ***bears,*** baby.

I'll call.

Read 'em and weep.

What in the world is that?

It's like a bunch of symbols that don't match, and there are some other weird symbols, and then, you know...

...more symbols.

Doesn't matter.

See your fate, Jono. It ain't pretty.

Hey, look, we can't read any of those cards either.

But then again, I didn't really have a formal education--*I'm not much of a reader...*

So. How do we know who won?

I know who won. *Me.*

I've played this before, and that's a *full empire.* It's the *winning hand.*

Actually... that's not what they say, none of you are readin--

OOOF!

Dani wins.

So he just made up a new mutant language?

ZZZZZ

<Yes, he did.>

Krakoan.

Whenever a new mutant comes to the island, one of our telepaths downloads it into the new person's brain.

And he also sits on the council that's basically the government of the nation?

Not in the way you mean. He **speaks** for the island.

Translates. Something. Whatever.

Still... kind of a seat at the table, right?

Yeah.

And they didn't ask you?

Let's not turn this into a thing. People make mistakes all the time.

What's important, *Sam*, is that you always have forgiveness in your heart.

Sure. Either way... big things in store for young Douglas, it seems.

HUMPH

Yep. And speaking of *big things...*

"...here comes *your wife.*"

Oh, I see. Somebody's still upset they got punched in the nose.

Look at this *face.* It's a *work of art.*

If you walked into the MoMA and started breaking things, they'd call you a vandal. You would go directly to jail.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

You know what I see when I look at your face?

What?

The face of a man with forgiveness in his heart.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Hello, my lovely bride.

Don't start. Either one of you.

So... I have *good news* and *bad news.*

"The *good news* is that you've all been officially pardoned for your crimes.

"I work fast. I work hard. Done and done."

Hrmpt! You were right, Sam.

I *do* have forgiveness in my heart.

What's the *bad news?*

The Majestor has conscripted all of you into imperial service--as the throne has need of such service--and it needs it now.

"We have a *mission.*"

Chandilar.
Shi'ar throneworld.

I don't understand, Oracle...

Why now?

These things are complicated, Your Grace.

Many *moving parts.* Many *moving pieces.*

Tell her ***the truth.***

We are long past the luxury of treating ***Xandra*** as a child.

Our nearest galactic cluster ***has fallen.*** ***Titans*** are assembling for ***war.***

And we believe they have our empire in their sights.

You are Majestor, Gladiator. A fair and just ruler. No one would say otherwise.

The throne is yours--*this time is yours.*

Not mine. Not yet.

If what Mentor says is true, my proper place is not here...

The empire needs a Neramani on ***the throne.***

And it needs me as ***Praetor*** of the ***Imperial Guard.***

And you think this is the best course of action?

Fair or not--*just or not*--I rule by might.

You will not have *that luxury,* Xandra...

"*No,* you will need guidance of a kind I cannot provide.

"So I have sent a Superguardian to bring us the person *most suitable* for the task of teaching you the ways of the ***Imperial Court.***

"I have sent ***Smasher*** to bring *your* ***aunt*** home to be *your* ***adviser.***

"Soon...*Deathbird* will return to ready you to rule.

"*Who else* but the most savage, duplicitous and truly violent person would be best for such a political *task?*"

Sam.

Yeah?

I think I'm in love.

[NM05]

Chapter 03

Endangered Birds

3

Okay. I'm back, and first off, I object to these truncated recaps. See, I'm a talker and I need room to work. Telling a story means creating an atmosphere, and without that all the ***good character work*** is pretty much pointless.

I mean, sure, most people would watch me in an empty room talking about, *I dunno,* the stock market or the proper cut of a lapel, but that's just me: I'm not a character, I'm a ***character,*** and the normal rules don't apply.

And speaking of ***rules*** and ***laws*** and the *adjudication of all that stuff,* this is my space lawyer.

He's terrible, and he's fired, because he failed to do the one job I hired him for: *make sure I never get into actual trouble for the trouble I cause.*

Lucky for me, my best friend is married to the law, and she bailed us out of space prison.

Yes. He's handsome and charming and my favorite person in the universe and--*between you and me*--he probably could have done better, but... she gets a pass.

IZZY + SAM ♡

(But only because she got us out of jail.)

They also have a kid--*my godson*--and let me tell you, the money I have spent on toys for him could put a serious dent in world hunger.

Which world? Which hunger? Does it matter?

Not really. Because I already spent the money on the kid. Is that a good use of my wealth? ***Probably not.*** Is he going to love Uncle Bobby until the day he dies? ***Absolutely.***

Is this an underhanded, no-good, somewhat-pathetic way to make sure that I stay in the good graces of my best friend forever? ***Yes. Yes, it is.***

Some people call that insurance.

And you can never have enough insurance, especially if you've been sent on a secret Imperial space mission by the leader of the Shi'ar.

Now, I don't like this guy much. He can be a bit of an ass. Incredibly arrogant.

I say this knowing full well that if you type Roberto Da Costa into your search bar it will autocomplete to: "is an ass" or "is incredibly arrogant."

(It will also autocomplete to "is devastatingly handsome" or "is so rich he can buy this search bar," which I did--go ahead, search for "daddy." I dare you.)

Regardless, space politics is no laughing matter. And the secret factions who have different ideas of what's best for said empire are always in conflict.

This is what some people like to call an ***"open secret."***

I'll tell you what else isn't a *secret:* ***our mission.***

Which mission? The one where we're supposed to escort the exiled royal rebel of the empire to the imperial homeworld where she's supposed to help her niece learn to run the family business.

It's very dangerous, just like the royal bird lady we're escorting.

Now, I wouldn't normally call myself a bird person, but this particular bird has definitely caught my eye. Really...*look at her.*

Like, just look at the legs on that bird.

I mean, she doesn't have bird legs. Sam used to have bird legs, but we got him on a program--*I even hired a trainer*--but even on his best day...

...not even close.

Anyway, whatever. We're on a mission: ***protect the bird.***

Oh, *hey,* did you know that Brazil has the highest number of endangered bird species of any country on Earth? It's a bird protectorate because Brazilians love birds.

I'm from Brazil.

Stop staring at me.

Chandilar. Shi'ar throneworld.

Any word?

They have her--*they're in transit now.* Three stargates from here. We estimate less than two full cycles of travel.

We're in a bit of a delicate situation, Majestor.

It's possible that many here on Chandilar--*that many of the ruling class*--will object to Deathbird's return.

Might I suggest that we keep this ***quiet*** until her return. *Silence across all comms?*

Yes. Agreed.

It's *wise counsel.* Though hiding flies in the face of all that I am, perhaps caution is our best course.

Understood. I will make it so, Majestor.

Deathbird will be arriving in two cycles.

I have the locations of the stargates she'll be returning through...

...and this is the transponder for the vessel she's on.

I'll be locking it out of Imperial channels as soon as you leave.

No one will hear their cries for help when your Death Commandos strike.

Kill her.

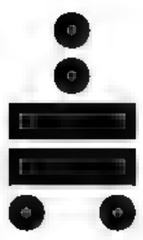
And make sure that you leave *no one alive* to tell what happened.

SHI'AR DEATH COMMANDOS

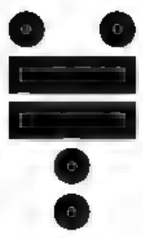
Existing outside the traditional Superguardian/guardian military structure, Shi'ar Death Commandos are an elite, black-book, group of mercenaries that mostly come from races that operate outside the normal political arena of the Shi'ar Empire. The Death Commandos often handle missions that have a low percentage of success or are deemed too politically problematic for the Imperial Guard.

Unlike the Imperial Guards, the Death Commandos have no institutional replacement program. So if a Krait dies on a mission, there is no secondary Krait waiting to replace him, and a new Death Commando member must be recruited. The only exception to this is Black Cloak, who is rumored to always come from Superguardian/guardian stock. There is always a Black Cloak.

CURRENT MEMBERS:



BLACK CLOAK [COMMANDER]
Black Cloak is the commander of the Shi'ar Death Commandos and its chief strategist. Believed to have been trained in the Shi'ar war colleges, a Black Cloak often displays advanced tactics and a ruthless efficiency that is the trademark of such an education. The weapons of a Black Cloak are the D'Kere spear, which is both a blade and an energy weapon, and a containment cloak, which can send an adversary into a temporary stasis void.



FLAW [FIELD LEADER]
Flaw is a biologically converted Warskrull and the field leader of the Shi'ar Death Commandos. He possesses minimal shape-shifting abilities due to the natural incompatibility of his Shi'ar brain and Skrull body but is a proven warrior and ruthless killer. Flaw is also a practitioner of third-stage Shi'ar meditation techniques and, for ethical reasons, does not eat solid food.

—

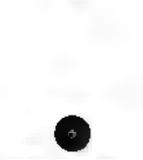
D'EVO
D'Evo is a classical biological predator who creates his own capture mechanism in the form of an impenetrable force-field, along with an acidic digestive in the form of a gas that reduces his prey into an easily consumable, high-protein goo. Therefore he also does not eat solids but not for ethical reasons.

HYPERNOVA
Hypernova is a failed Shi'ar guardian of the Hussar class who can fire energy blasts that disintegrate her target on impact. Hypernova's inability to control the lethality of her powers is believed to be the reason she failed her guardianship. Despite this, she believes that she has always been too good to be a Death Commando and has total contempt for her companions.

KRAIT
Krait is a biological experiment of the religious scientists of the Sharra sect. Once a standard-type Shi'ar commoner, Krait underwent years of experiments and surgery to become a bird of prey with wings and large, sharp claws. Krait can fly at speeds approaching escape velocity and has superior strength and endurance. After the Sharran scientists revealed to Krait that the process was irreversible, Krait murdered them and converted to the cult of K'ythri, which violently rejects the duality of the Shi'ar godhead.

OFFSET
Offset is from a subterranean species of mantis-like insectoids with six limbs. She has a dislocatable jaw with retractable teeth and possesses a neurotoxin that neutralizes the superhuman abilities of others with a touch. She can also gain the memories of her victims by severing and injecting their brains. Her species is entirely female and reproduces by laying eggs in the decapitated bodies of her victims. Offset has terrible breath.

SEGA
Sega is a being in a gaseous cloud form who serves as a scout for the Death Commandos. Sega is a coward and, in a fight, cannot be depended upon.



SHELL
Shell is an Orthoxalith, an alien species composed of rock and bred to be a subservient labor class that traditionally operates in high-radiation, high-gravity worlds. Medically modified for limited cognitive thought, Shell possesses super-strength and -endurance and can produce containment exo-shells.

WARSHOT
Warshot is an exiled Kree weaponsmaster who specializes in advanced energy weapons. Like all Kree weaponsmasters, he is a skilled sharp-shooter/gunman and long-range marksman and capable of advanced combat in most scenarios. Warshot was exiled from New Hala 60 cycles ago for the crimes of rebellion, sedition and illegal arms trade.

One day later.

You know what *I'm thinking?*

I think I might.

We could have ***stayed home.***

Sure. But think of all the ***excitement*** we'd have missed.

I was promised a ***space empire*** and all I got was ***space prison.*** *Expectations have not been met.*

Speaking of expectations-- this is the first time you've been around this crowd for a decent amount of time. *What do you think?*

The girls are all fine, I guess, except for Illyana. ***She's... well, she's...***

An animal.

Yes.

What about the guys?

I dunno. I could take or leave them. Especially that Doug. That kid's up to somethin--

Oh hey, *look.* ***Stargate.***

Approaching the Beta Hhoon Gate. *Preparing* to pass through now.

Straight and steady, soldier. Volatile cargo on board.

Hey. Can I send the access code?

No. Don't touch *anything.*

Just watch.

Listen to me. *Don't do it.*

That doesn't mean anything. You always tell me not to do whatever it is I'm about to do.

Yes. And I'm *usually right.*

Yeah, but life is living for those other moments, *right?* The outliers, the perfect little miracles... Besides, I've got a feeling about this.

I'm telling you, do *not* do it.

Don't do what?

Go ahead. Tell her.

I'm gonna go talk to the hot bird lady.

...

The "bird lady"-- *hot or not*-- is the former majestrix of the empire and soon-to-be regent of the new empress.

She's a bit out of your league, Bobby.

I disagree. I love powerful women. I *respect them.*

You know she has a kid, right?

And do you know what I love more than powerful women? Single moms. That's a hard job.

...

Wish me luck.

I *know.* If we didn't *love him* so much...

We'd have to *kill him.*

Hey.

I'm *Bobby.*

Hrmpt.

So, a little bit about me. Powered by the sun--*any sun will do*--super-strength, other cool stuff. *Great fighter. Better lover.*

And I should probably mention that I'm super rich. I buy small countries. It's not a *big deal.*

...

I am Cal'syee of Aerie and my blood is the blood of the ancient house of Neramani.

Our nobility reaches back millennia and we are not *rich*--we are wealthy. I buy planets. It is a *big deal.*

Wow. Do you have any idea how refreshing it is for someone to be interested in me because of *my looks* and not *my money?*

This is an *incredible gift,* and I want to ***thank you*** for it.

Superguardian Smasher!

We have a problem!

An unmarked Imperial Deathnaught was waiting for us on the other side of the gate.

They've jammed all our comms and have tightbeamed us a one-word message.

What is it?

"Surrender."

Status?

If they make a run for it, I'll hole their drive with one shot.

I'm also gene-locked on the Neramani--I can orb them at any time, but it'll space their ship before we can confirm a total blackout.

Send them a message that they're suspected of carrying contraband and we're sending over a team.

One boarding party? Zero out the whole crew?

Two. And return to this ship with Deathbird *intact.*

I wish to take her head myself.

So *ordered.* So it will be *done.*

Sharpen your blade, Black Cloak. We return soon with the rebel.

What's going on?

Not quite sure yet.

They've messaged that they're sending over a boarding party.

After that, they returned to jamming us and encrypted comms.

You told me not to touch anything, *but...*

*Yeah. **Sure.*** Take a stab at it.

...

Okay. *Chatter, chatter, chatter. Woof.* It's something called a ***Shi'ar Death Commando*** squad. And they're sending more than one boarding vessel. Sounds like two and the other's cloaked...and, *oh, great...*

What is it?

They're planning to ***kill everyone*** on the ship...

...to cover up them *killing her.*

Why would Chandilar send a team to do that after they sent us to find you?

I'm a problem *politically.* I represent a return of the Neramani line to the throne.

I'm sure that whoever sent this team believes the only solution available to them is killing me.

Pssst! Don't worry. I'm not going to let that happen.

Okay... this isn't a *fight*--it's a ***battle,*** which means I'm in charge.

So this is what we're going to do...

What is she talking about?

I have no idea.

She's a *captain.*

...

It's a Krakoan thing.

Dani, you guys head to the docking bay and handle the boarding party.

We're expecting that one--*so it'll be pretty straightforward.* They'll come right at you.

Karma, have Mondo and Chamber meet you there.

Will do.

All right-- *get moving. Do a job.*

Not a problem.

As for you...

Look, this is a Shi'ar vessel doing Shi'ar business under Superguardian control.

I'm sure you think you're tough--

I am.

--but I have orders-- *I have a mission.*

Yeah. I know. That's why you guys are standing guard over Deathbird.

If we fail, all roads lead to here anyway.

Where are you going?

Oh...

I'm gonna take care of the other boarding party.

Hey. Karma is telling us they're going to go mix it up with some alien dudes in the cargo bay.

They want us to meet them there.

Here you go. Made you a space drink.

Thanks.

So...you want to go get in a fight?

Not really. *You?*

CLINK!

Nope.

Here's to pacifism and doing whatever it takes to stay out of space jail.

Cheers.

So... how are you going to drink that without a mouth?

Very carefully.

TZZZZZ

We're in.

We have a strong gene-lock on the prey-- let's head straight to the upper decks and make quick work of this.

Well... that certainly *sounds like* a plan.

Of course, the problem with having a plan is that it only lasts until it doesn't. *You know,* until someone puts you to a question.

So here's *my question:*

Do you want to make out with me?

... No, I do not.

Do *you* want to make out with me?

Not enough arms.

And what about you? Do you wanna make out?

A little. *Yeah.*

Unfortunately, ***I'm working.***

Gotta say, ***bad call.*** Because it was @#$& or fight, and you have chosen ***poorly.***

Quick question...are any of you human?

No.

No.

I'm not human.

Now we're talkin'.

We've lost three.

Flaw, Hypernova and Offset.

What about the other team?

Punch yourself.

Punch yourself.

Punch yourself.

NOW tell me *something nice.*

Your skin's too soft, but I like your shiny leg.

Punch yourself!!!

No joy there either.

Should I orb it?

Yes.

"Do it."

CLIC

So, you're asking yourself: Oh, boy...how are the New Mutants going to get out of this one? What in the world happens next?

Well, I'll tell you... another issue of New Mutants.

ROD REIS

[NM07]

Chapter 04

Spoilers

Okay. Time for another amazing recap by me, Roberto Da Costa--hero of the republic, Krakoa's Mutant of the Year, and--*as you very well know*--world-class raconteur.

So...where were we?

Ah! *I remember.* Illyana rescued the do-nothing Gen X-ers before they froze to death in space...

Now, you would think they would have been grateful, but you would be wrong. In fact, they were a little too forthcoming regarding their displeasure with our amazing space adventure...

Sure. Eventually, they had to get over it--*after all, these are, at best, mid-list heroes we're talking about*--then the team regrouped to stage a rescue for those of us who got Orb-ed over to the Death Commando ship.

Which, let me tell you, was not pleasant. We were in bad shape and at the mercy of some very bad men.

Sam and Izzy were unconscious, Doug quickly joined them, which left only me and the lovely Deathbird wide awake in the land of perilous unslumber.

OUCH!

Go! My love! *Fly! Fly,* and live to fight another day!

Arrgggh!

The Death Commando leader with the bird mask was getting ready to kill Deathbird with his destructo birdspear in a classic bird-off when I powered up and took the blast so she could escape.

And, look, I know what you're thinking. Was this a calculated move on my part to establish myself narratively as a hero in Deathbird's mind, or am I just heroic in general and incapable of not doing hero-like things?

Yes. Yes, *to both.* Yes, ***forever.*** Deal with it.

AAAAAAAAAA

ZZZZZ

Butterscotch puddin'! The password is butterscotch puddin'!

It doesn't have a g! ***NO G!***

Later, we were being tortured...

(Mostly Doug, because he cries the most and the loudest, and torturers are generally emotionally fragile babies who need validation that their work "matters.")

But then Deathbird busted in and ***saved us.***

She took the bird head of the bird guy who said he was going to take hers.

Which, I gotta say, was both a little gross and a bit of a turn-on.

And then she walked up to me and *kissed me.*

Then she *punched me.*

And then she *kissed me again.*

Then I monologued a mash-up of *Pretty Woman, Notting Hill,* some *Pelican Brief* was in there, I dunno why, maybe because I'm beating this bird thing to death--*whatever*--all the Julia Roberts movies...and then she left me locked up because she said she *liked me like that.*

This is ***not*** how it happened.

Fine. Two punches. One kiss. *Sue me.*

I'm just trying to give the audience what they want. Some kissing, some fighting, just like every other romantic comedy.

But this wasn't a romantic comedy. ***No.*** It was a mighty mutant tale of ***adventure.***

And right when we didn't need them anymore, the rest of the team showed up to save the day, which had already been saved.

(But they did unlock us. Which we super appreciated.)

That's right, Captain Roberto Da Costa and his majestic mutant dreadnought, the *Deathbird.*

Named after Deathbird, I mean, god, do I really have to spell these things out for you? Come on. ***Let's go.***

And then we stole the Death Commandos' ship and made it our own.

Go where? Straight to Chandilar. Seat of the empire and right where the nefarious Death Commando plans were hatched.

We then--

Bobby! What the hell?

What?

You've *literally* spoiled what happens in the story.

Dani--*please*--don't womansplain to me about how to recap. I know how to recap.

I'm MISTER RECAP. KING RECAP. Quite possibly the greatest recapper of all time. And, lady, your assistance is not needed.

You... ***skipped*** an entire issue.

No, I didn't. Our last issue came out, which was #5. Then issue #6 came out, and now this is issue #7.

Bobby... we weren't in the last issue.

What?

There's another team on Earth doing other New Mutant things. Their book comes out in between ours.

It's like we skip a month. *Months*. It varies.

... So I ruined it.

Oh yeah. But you did recap the hell out of it.

Good job. I knew you had it in you.

Damn. ...

Hey! Wait a second...

Are you telling me there are New Mutant stories I'm not part of?

WHAT. THE. @#$%!

Chandilar.

They're late.

Be at ease, Xandra. Space is vast...

And a Superguardian leads their way.

In the coming years, you will need to trust in the ability of your most loyal imperial soldier-citizens.

The guard lives to serve the throne... and it never *fails.*

Never?

Never.

Guardians die-- *they will die for you--* but another is always raised to take the fallen's place.

They understand...

You *live,* or the empire *dies.*

Okay...

Maybe you're right about my needing counsel.

But...

I've never met my aunt. I've only heard bad things.

What do you think of her? *Really.*

The truth?

Yes. *Of course.* What should I expect?

A bird of prey.

Four cycles later.

Deathbird arrives at Chandilar.

What 'tis it?

Excuse me. I'm a who, not a what.

And what, exactly, are you?

I'm a wolf.

Well, wolf... my designation is Sega. Death Commando.

I'm a lethal ball of gas.

Oh.

Boring. Bye!

So...

A bit of ***unfortunate news.*** You guys showed up and tried to kill us all. *Didn't go well for you.* Sorry about your friends.

But the good news is you're alive. And if you help us out, then maybe we can let bygones be bygones.

What do you say?

I'm a gas. What are you going to do to me?

Not much, I'm guessing.

Actually, more bad news, I'm afraid.

I'm an empath/ telepath and I can do a serious head job on anyone--*including sentient gasses*--but the real problem is that's not just a containment vessel you're stuck in. *Is it, Doug?*

Nope. It's a pressure simulator for high gravity wells.

What's that mean? ***I dunno***-- I don't *test well in the hard sciences,* but Doug here... *off the charts.*

Oh, I see. The old good meat sack, bad meat sack trick.

Not going to work.

I tell you what does work: ***that device.*** All I have to do is turn it on--*crank the pressure up*--and in no time at all you go from a ***gas*** to a ***liquid...***

And if I'm really a bad boy, I keep cranking...and you go all the way to a ***solid.***

Nooooooo!

Not a solid!!!!!! I'll talk! I'll talk! Anything but that!

Nooooooo!!!!!

One cycle later.

So...

Turns out we're walking into a trap.

What? How dare they!

I'm going to kill someone.

Yeah. And it looks like some of the Imperial Guard are in on it.

What? How dare they!

I'm totally going to kill someone.

One cycle after that.

Majestor! Future Majestrix!

Allow me to present the seed of Neramani. The blood royal and future regent of the throne:

Deathbird.

Gladiator...

Tired of giving orders instead of being the tip of the empire's spear?

The throne has a need, and I have always served the throne. That's all there is to it.

Which is a noble thing, *I believe.* To give up power for the betterment of all our people.

Thank you, aunt, for coming. I am in great need of your wisdom. I fear I am not yet fit to rule.

The Shi'ar throne is a slippery prize. No doubt. But you will learn quickly...*this I promise.* For I am a *demanding teacher.*

And this, by the way, is your *first lesson:*

No mercy for traitors.

Ulp!

I bring you back into the fold, and this is how you *repay me? With betrayal?*

How dare you!

Ha!

You think you're fast, Gladiator? *I'm faster!*

You think you're strong? *I'm stronger!*

SNAP!

You okay?

That was my favorite spear.

Yeah, I knew right after I snapped it in half I got the math wrong on that one.

Uh, guys! I think we're in for a--

AARGGGHHHH!

Fight!

Fight!

Fight!

Fight!

[0.01_DEAT]
[0.08_HBIR]

Normally, this fight would have gone on for seventeen glorious pages. Women and men would have triumphed, male and female aliens would have fallen. Maybe vice versa. Maybe not. But now there's only one way to tell...and all you need is a pair of dice.

LET'S GET IT ON!

ROUND ONE:
Roll one die each to choose a combatant from a side - [one mutant, one guardsman].

MUTANTS		GUARDIANS	
1.MIRAGE	[1d6]	1.MANTA	[1d6]
2.SMASHER	[1d6]	2.EARTHQUAKE	[1d6]
3.MONDO	[1d6]	3.QUASAR	[1d6]
4.CHAMBER	[1d6]	4.STARBOLT	[1d6]
5.WOLFSBANE	[1d6]	5.FLASHFIRE	[1d6]
6.KARMA	[1d6]	6.HUSSAR	[1d6]

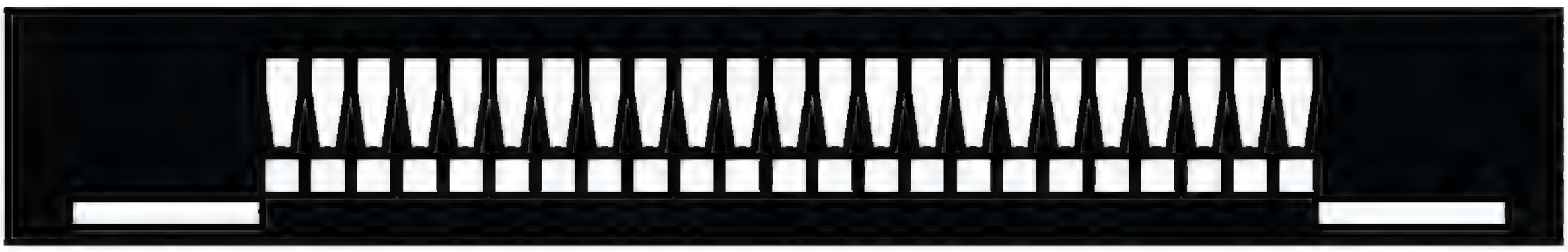
Then roll for damage for each character [1d6 or 2d6]. Whoever rolls the highest number wins, and the lower number is eliminated. [If both numbers are the same, BOTH characters are eliminated.] Play until one team is eliminated.

ROUND TWO:
The eliminated team is then allowed to introduce their final three players. [On the initial roll, 1/4 = character 1, 2/5 = character 2, 3/6 = character 3.] Play until one team is, again, eliminated. If the winning team lost the first round, then the losing team can use their final three players. Then, again, play until one team is eliminated.

MUTANTS		GUARDIANS	
1.CANNONBALL	[2d6]	1.MENTOR	[2d6]
2.SUNSPOT	[2d6]	2.ORACLE	[2d6]
3.MAGIK	[2d6]	3.GLADIATOR	[2d6]

VICTORY:
After one team is eliminated, the winning team does not get to claim victory until they scream DEATHBIRD at the top of their lungs. Seriously, you can't win without doing this. It's in the official rules. You're reading them.

DEATHBIRD!



[BIRD_____00.00]
[BIRD_____00.01]

STOP!

Explain yourselves. NOW.

An affront on the empire is an affront to the throne itself. I will tolerate no such thing.

Especially not from one whose manner should be gratitude.

Oracle tried to have me murdered along with everyone who was with me, including another Superguardian. She did this to keep you off the throne...

And now she must die.

Is this true?

You-- *Majestor*-- were meant to rule. Not serve, and certainly not serve a child.

Yes. ***I did it.***

Then I bear the responsibility for this, Princess Xandra. I will see that it is dealt with *appropriately.*

No. I will deal with it.

The majestor was wise to bring my aunt home to school me in the ways of the empire. Our blood is noble and fit for aristocracy.

But there is a deeper nobility-- *honor*--to be found in the sword of the empire. Our great ***Imperial Guard.***

Your punishment, Oracle, is to teach me to think like a ***soldier*** and not just a ***sovereign.***

You will stand side by side with Deathbird as my advisor. *Will you accept my punishment, Superguardian?*

You shame me, princess.

Yes. I accept.

Great! So that's it, right?

Mission *completed? Adventure over? Can we go home now?*

Exactly.

Someone tell me where to plant this so we can get the hell out of here!

Later.

Sam and Izzy's place.

I like your house, Sam.

Quite a view.

Yeah, it's not too bad-- *glad you like it.*

And now that the gate's up you can visit any time.

And *vice versa.*

Of course. It'll be good to visit my family. *It's been a while.*

Visit? So you're staying?

Yes. I'm staying.

What was that?

WHAT?!

I'm staying. On Chandilar.

Izzy's in the Guard. We're raising our kid here, Bobby. *I have to stay.*

...

So this was all for nothing?

I don't think you should look at it that way.

What other way is there to look at it, Dani? The whole point of this was to get the band back together.

You mean the New Mutants?

No. God, no!

I mean me and Sam.

Well, you know you could always stay here.

You want me to give up mutant paradise for--what exactly?

A space empire that spans thousands of solar systems, which conceivably represent a limitless amount of action and adventure, which sure, I was born for...

Is that it?

...

I guess I could hang out for a bit.

Thank you, Cyclops, for your and your kind's aid to the empire. *Once again,* we are in ***your debt.***

Well, I honestly can't take much credit except to say that we happened to have some of our best people in the area.

So think nothing of it.

Debt is debt until the day it is paid--whatever you ***need,*** just ask and it is ***yours.***

Really, I couldn't--

Wait. Actually, there is ***one thing.***

We obviously have a gateway here in Sam and Izzy's place that leads home, but I would love it if we could place one on that island that looks like it's floating in space.

Ahh... Chandilore.

I'm not one for aesthetics, but I am not blind to beauty. An excellent choice.

Consider it done.

?

Hello.

Oh, hi. Uh...

Your Majesty.

So, what do you do?

I turn into a wolf.

What about you?

I turn into a ball of light.

Oh.

...

Cool.

Okay. Gotta go home now. Bye.

I'm not sure that she meant that it was "cool." What do you think, Oracle?

I'm sure she meant it, princess.

Deathbird?

No. She absolutely did not.

Later.

So...we've got a bit of a problem.

Izzy said you can't crash at our apartment.

Yeah, I figured.

It's just she says you'll never leave if you do.

I get it. It's fine.

She's probably *right.*

So where are you going to stay?

Oh. I'm staying *here.*

What?

Yeah. Transfer of credits just went through. ***I bought the building.***

Tell Izzy the rent's *going up.* And those are ***friend prices.***

You bought the building? *Why?*

It was the closest one to the imperial palace that was for sale.

Oh my god.
You did this for Deathbird?
And you guys.
Don't sell yourself short.
Deathbird.
Really?
I have to tell you something, Sam.
I'm in love.
With Deathbird?
Yes.
...
Bobby?
Yeah?
How many times would you say you've been in love?
Well, Sam, that depends on--
Not counting yourself.
Oh.
Twelve.
No. Actually, eleven.
No. Wait. Twelve.
Yeah, it's twelve.

Hey. You know I love you too, right?

Best feeling in the world.

*Speaking of...*I got a feeling about what the future holds for all this Bobby and Sam in space stuff.

Is that so?

Dare I ask?

Thumbs-up or thumbs-down?

Thumbs-up, my friend.

Thumbs-up.

We are going to get into *so...*

Much.

Trouble.

New Mutants #1 by Rod Reis

New Mutants #2 by Rod Reis

New Mutants #5 by Rod Reis

New Mutants #7 by Rod Reis

New Mutants #1 Variant by Stanley “Artgerm” Lau

New Mutants #1 Variant by Arthur Adams & Jason Keith

New Mutants #1 Variant by Nick Bradshaw & Morry Hollowell

New Mutants #1 Young Guns Variant by Javier Garrón & Laura Martin

New Mutants #1 Hidden Gem Variant by Bob McLeod

MARVEL

NEW MUTANTS

Jonathan Hickman W–A
Ed Brisson W–B
Rod Reis A

Rated T+
$4.99

INF.
(CRED):01

INF.
(VAL):CURR.$

D./OF**(X)***
(SIG.MARK):04/
SYMBOL: **NEW MUTANTS**

FC
D-VAR**(NM)***04/06

NAD83
_DAT.11.06.19

—Nº1
D./OF**(X)***

REF:
/DOX:NM.001_

REF:/TM/MFR:

hello Muller

1

New Mutants #1 Design Variant by Tom Muller

New Mutants #1 Second-Printing Variant

by Giuseppe Camuncoli, Mark Morales & Edgar Delgado

New Mutants #2 Variant by Arthur Adams & Federico Blee

[dawn_of_x]

[kra_]
[koa_]

The new generation claims the dawn!

The classic New Mutants (Sunspot, Wolfsbane, Mirage, Karma, Magik and Cypher) join together with a few new friends (Chamber, Mondo) to seek out missing member Cannonball and share the good news about Krakoa — a mission that takes them into space alongside the Starjammers!

Collecting:
New Mutants (2019)
#1–2, #5, #7

By:
Jonathan Hickman, Ed Brisson
& Rod Reis

MARVEL

T+